Ophel. Doe you doubt that?
Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion, and a toy in blood,
A violet in the youth of prime nature,
Forward, not permanent; ſweet, not laſting,
The perfume and ſuppliance of a minute:
No more.
Ophel. No more but ſo.
Laer. Thinke it no more.
For nature creſſant does not grow alone,
In thewes and bulkes, but as this Temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoule
Growes wide withall: perhaps he loves you now,
And now no ſoile nor cautell doth beſmerch
The vertue of his will; but you muſt feare
His greatneſſe wai'd, his will is not his owne.
He may not, as unvalued perſons doe,
Crave for himſelfe; for on his choice depends
The ſafety and health of this whole ſtate,
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yeelding of that body
Whereof he is the head: then if he ſaies he loves you,
It fits your wiſdome ſo far to beleeve it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his ſaying deed; which is no further
Than the maine voice of *Denmarke* goes withall.
Then weigh what loſſe your honour may ſuſtaine,
If with too credent eare you liſt his ſongs,
Or looſe your heart, or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſtred importunitie.
Feare it *Ophelia*, feare it my deare ſiſter,
And keep you in the reare of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire:
" The chaſteſt maid is prodigall enough,
If ſhe unmaske her beauty to the Moone:
" Vertue it ſelfe ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
" The canker galls the infant of the Spring
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd,

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